I vow by heauens these eies shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *VVarwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords:
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
VVar. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king,
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Henrie the sixt, with the Duke of Excester, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwicke* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father:
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourne in steele.
West. What? shall we suffer this? lets pull him downe,
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King.

King. Be patient gentle E
Clif. Patience is for pultro
He durst not sit there, had y
My gratious Lord: heere i
Let vs assaile the familie of Y
North. Well hast thou sp
King. O know you not t
And they haue troopes of so
Exet. But when the D.
King. Farre be it from th
To make a shambles of the
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, fro
Shall be the warres that He
Thou factious duke of Yor
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yor. Thou art deceiu'd t
Exet. For shame come d
Yor. Twas mine inherita
Exet. Thy father was a t
War. *Exeter* thou art a t
In following this vsurping
Clif. Whom should he f
VVar. True *Clif.* and that
King. And shall I stand v
Yor. Content thy selfe, it
VVar. Be duke of *Lancas*
VVest. Why? he is both
And that the Earle of *VVest*
VVar. And *VVarwicke* sh
That we are those that cha
And slew your father, and
Marcht through the Cittie
Nor. No *VVarwicke* I re
And by his soule, thou and
West. *Plantagenet*, of the
Thy kinsmen, and thy frie
Then drops of bloud were
Clif. Vrge it no more, le

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006a) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN